

# ABOUT G PLAYS AND PLAYERS BIDE DUDLEY

Sarah Bernhardt will positively appear in a New York theatre before Dec. 1—probably during the last fortnight in October.

This is the statement of W. F. Connor, Mrs. Bernhardt's American manager, who has just returned from an automobile trip. He declares there never was any doubt about her coming here.

"Mrs. Bernhardt's new leg did not quite meet all requirements and had to be fixed," said Mr. Connor. "Naturally she wanted to be sure it was absolutely right before attempting any acting. Then another reason for the delay was her inability to get together a company because of the war. The Frenchman is intensely patriotic, which fact has made it difficult for Mrs. Bernhardt to collect an acting troupe up to her standard. She couldn't even get a mechanic. I may have to send him to Paris to look her scenery for her. But she's coming and will be here before Dec. 1."

## JEFF'S TENDER SPOT.

Jeff Warwick, gambler, was a man that most folks didn't like—a card shark and hair-triggered tough, the worst in Lucky Burke. He never washed a bit of dust, although he had a claim. He made his living with the cards and poker was his game.

Jeff played the game relentlessly. We always used to say he was the hardest-hearted man that ever came our way. He took delight in breaking men. One night he won a pile from some new chump who called himself, but all Jeff did was smile. However, in his heart, it seemed, he had a tender spot. It showed up only once—and say, it jolted us a lot.

"Twas just like this: Jeff met a boy—oh, hardly twenty-one. He got him in a game and soon he did him good and done. Then when the youngster realized that Jeff had got him broke, his hands began to tremble and his voice began to choke. "I hadn't order, please," he said to Jeff, despondently. "The money belonged to Brother Jim. His health is bad, you see. He sent me here to buy a claim so he could try this air." And then his voice broke into sobs; he gave up to despair.

Jeff smiled. "Say, kid," he sort of drawled, "yer out of luck to-day. But where does that sick brother live? What's that—New York, you say? Yer name's Frank Johnson? And yer dad—what's that—his name is Ed? He kept a bowery theatre? They used to call him 'Well, I'll be hanged.' Jeff muttered low. "Red Johnson was yer dad? You sure yer tellin' me the truth?" "I am," came from the lad. "Twas then Jeff showed his tender spot. From out his chamois sack he pushed his winnings at the boy and made him take them back. The kid was tickled most to death. He left the camp next day and bought a claim, we understood, some fifty miles away. For weeks and weeks he puzzled 'bout why Jeff gave back his winnings. We 'sposed his heart was sort o' touched 'bout that sick brother's health. One day, to stop us hintin' round, Jeff drawled out sort o' low: "I knowed that youngster's mother in her school days, long ago. She cut my 'quintance. I come West," he smiled, "to be a saint. Now, maybe that's the reason, men, me 'maybe, men, it ain't. That's all I'll tell you, anyhow, 'bout that Red Johnson kid. I'll say no more." Jeff kept his word. The gambler never did.

Two stars in "Daddy." Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller are to be co-stars in "Daddy Long-Legs" during the Philadelphia and Boston engagements. Next season each headed a company presenting this little play. Klau & Erlanger arranged the joint starring tour. Mr. Miller will join Miss Chatterton Sept. 27 in Rochester. He will appear as Jervis Pendleton, otherwise known as Daddy Long-Legs.

A lesson in this poem. Elizabeth Mae Doolittle, the noted poetess of Louisville, derives a lesson from every happenstance she observes. For instance, she recently saw a runaway horse and a poem from her pen was the result. The poem just arrived in the mail with her compliments. Here it is:

I saw a runaway horse to-day,  
Came crashing down the street,  
He ran into a telegraph pole abruptly,  
Without really having to,  
Of course, it was his fault, I am sure,  
But I gained a lesson from him,  
How many persons are wild like him,  
Who refuse to learn a lesson!

My sister's child, Turner Ricketts,  
Climbed a tree and fell out,  
Turner, you need to follow you,  
Desirable advice to you to show,  
Well, speaking of your fall, Turner,  
People should restrain their temper,  
They're getting in a pretty tight place,  
On such a fall, danger would just a damper.

## GOSSIP.

Eva Olivetti has returned from Portland, Me., where she spent the summer in musical stock.

Shahry-Djell, the Arabian dancer coming to the Winter Garden, will arrive from France Monday on La Touraine.

Lulu Ursprung, the Winter Garden chorus girl who fell down an elevator shaft Sept. 10, has an even chance to get well, according to a report from the Polytechnic Hospital last night. Operations have been successfully performed on her skull and mouth and the bones in her legs have been set.

GET OFF THAT SPUR, TINK! Tinkle Hopkins of "Town Topics," sends in the following, written, she says, on the spur of the moment:

I bought a team from Nora,  
I've had them seven days,  
They're big, and horses, just like;  
I love my Nora boys.

## HE'S A LUCKY MAN.

Writes Walter, one of our Brooklyn correspondents:

I know a fellow who can write  
Some very good and sublime  
How to it when I write a "poem"  
The words come out like rain!

Say we:  
Some kindly Providence, it seems,  
Is working out a plan  
To save you from a poet's life,  
You're lucky, Walt, old man.



## "S'MATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



## KITTY KEYS—Kitty Needed a New Job, and Mr. Hamm "Rose to the Occasion" With Alacrity!

By Thornton Fisher



## BE AN OPTIMIST

By Callahan



## TUMBLE TOM—His Bylowland Playmates Bid Him Goodby.

By Eleanor Schorer



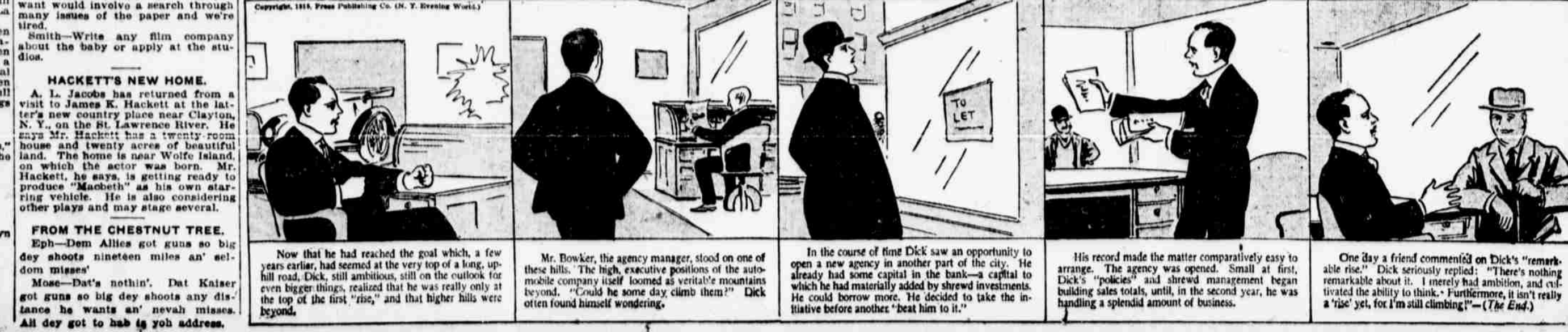
On Saturday Bylowland has no school either, so all Mother Goose's pupils were having a rollicking good time in the fields when Tom, tumbling into their midst, told them that he was to leave their school. How sorry they were! Tom's best friend, Simple Simon, shed tears enough to fill the pail in which he wished to catch a whale. The Pieman offered to make a pie fresh for Tom each day. Bo Peep said that she would give him one of her pretty sheep when they came home wagging their tails behind them. Little Miss Muffet wept at the thought of never again seeing her hero who killed the black spider who sat down beside her and frightened her so awfully one day, but Tom would not stay. Jolly old King Cole came along just then. He called for his bowl and his fiddlers. Then the Bylow people drank the health of their departing friend. Of course Tom will still go to Bylowland, but he will visit the uninhabited parts where there are no dreams and no dream-people living. So he will have no more adventures to tell of.

Before tumbling out of Newspaperland Tumble Tom wishes his little readers pleasant journeys in Bylowland, where he himself frolicked so gayly all through vacation, and, hoping you have a happy, bully good time all winter, Tom throws you a kiss, "Good-by!"—(The End.)

## DICK'S UPHILL ROAD—No. 18—Still Climbing.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN WHO "MADE GOOD" ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE

By Hazen Conklin



Now that he had reached the goal which, a few years earlier, had seemed at the very top of a long, uphill road, Dick, still ambitious, still on the outlook for even bigger things, realized that he was really only at the top of the first "rise," and that higher hills were beyond.

Mr. Bowker, the agency manager, stood on one of these hills. The high, executive positions of the automobile company itself loomed as veritable mountains beyond. "Could he some day climb them?" Dick often found himself wondering.

In the course of time Dick saw an opportunity to open a new agency in another part of the city. He already had some capital in the bank—a capital to which he had materially added by shrewd investments. He could borrow more. He decided to take the initiative before another "beat him to it."

His record made the matter comparatively easy to arrange. The agency was opened. Small at first, Dick's "policy" and shrewd management began building sales totals, until, in the second year, he was handling a splendid amount of business.

One day a friend commented on Dick's "remarkable rise." Dick seriously replied: "There's nothing remarkable about it. I merely had ambition, and cultivated the ability to think. Furthermore, it isn't really a 'rise' yet, for I'm still climbing!"—(The End.)